

**Ozark.**

A sad accident occurred at this place last Saturday morning, by which Mr. Kent Bryant came very near losing his life. He with some other hands were engaged in cutting timber, when a limb dropped from the tree they were sawing, striking Mr. Bryant on the head, knocking him senseless. He is also bruised about the body. Dr. Grissom was called, and administered to the suffering man. He is having tender nursing and the best medical attention, and it is hoped he will recover.

The meeting conducted by Bro. Montgomery, at Shiloh, closed last Monday night with eight additions, and the church greatly revived.

Mr. W. N. Bryant, Esto, was here to-day to see his brother.

Mr. Sam Mitchell, of Columbia, is visiting his daughter at this place.

Prof. Robert Bailey and sister, and Mr. Lilburn Breeding, were guests of Prof. Albert Bryant and sisters last Sunday.

Miss Estelle Montgomery, little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lester Montgomery, was severely burned last Tuesday morning, by turning over a tea kettle of boiling water.

**Nell.**

Wheat sowing is about over in this section.

Mr. S. R. Walker was at Rugby, one day this week.

Mr. James H. Hoy and Miss Billie Hunter, a jolly couple from Gradyville, spent last Saturday night with Rosa Nell.

The protracted meeting closed at this place last Thursday, with several conversions, and the community greatly revived. There were six baptized just after preaching Sunday. A large crowd was in attendance.

Several from Edmonton attended the meeting and baptizing here last Sunday.

J. R. Bell and son, F. T. Bell, were in Edmonton, Thursday.

Mr. C. C. Kinniard was on a business trip to Edmonton Thursday.

**Farm Notes.**

Plant some fall forage crops. The nest egg theory is out of date.

A hen will lay if she is properly fed and housed.

It is best not to wash eggs that are to be used for hatching.

Many poultry keepers do not give their birds exercise enough.

Rape makes very good pasture for either young chickens or laying hens.

Experience teaches that the best hatching eggs are those of medium shape.

The sitting hen must have her daily care and attention just like the incubator.

Poultry farming in connection with sheep is largely followed in parts of New England.

Trees should be pruned when they are first transplanted. This is the most ideal time to start the pruning.

There are two methods for getting good cows: by buying them, or by buying good sires and

building up the grade herd.

Onions and peas are among the first seeds to sow in the spring. The plants will endure some frosty weather.

In choosing a breed of sheep, it matters little which is chosen so long as it is a good wool and mutton producing quality.

After the hens become broody on their laying nests they may be gently and quietly changed at night to the sitting quarters.

In that new poultry house have the perches on a level and about a foot above the dropping board. Don't forget the dropping board.

Prune to prevent the lower limb from hindering cultivation; the upper ones from growing out of easy reach for spraying and picking.

Be sure that the turkeys have enough, but not too much food during the breeding season—just enough to keep them in good flesh.

Wash incubator trays in good hot water with plenty of the old fashioned hard yellow soap. Dry in the sun. Do this after each hatch is off.

**A Novel Shower.**

A girl who was to marry and go to Maine to live was the recipient of this pretty and novel shower. She was invited to luncheon at the home of her best girl friend and found a most exquisite table ornamented by a circle of small pine trees, each in a white lardiniere. Alternating with the trees were glass candlesticks holding green candles capped by white shades. Inside this circle was a huge wedding cake, on top of which were a miniature bride and bridegroom. All went merry as the proverbial marriage bell, tongues flew and the bride-to-be told of her new home. When the ices were served the honored guest was asked to cut the cake—and behold, her knife went right through into white tissue paper and she found a shower of dainty and useful articles concealed within the fake cake, which in reality was a cheese box topped with tissue paper and thin cardboard, which had been cleverly iced over.

We wish somebody would come along and tell up how to distinguish between a ripe orange and a green orange without cutting it open and tasting it. There seems to be quite a stir in Florida just now over the question of green oranges. One Combination of fruit growers warns us against unripe oranges and another says it was merely an advertising scheme. It seems the right kind of advertising to try to prevent the sale of unripe fruit but they don't go far enough to tell us how to avoid it.

Governor McCarty is not afraid of state issues. He has discussed them in every speech he has made in this campaign. The ringing progressive Democratic platform is his work. He supports every plank in it, and when elected Governor he will make it his business to see that his party redeems every pledge it has made to the people.

**Hog Wallow News.**

(From the Hog Wallow Kentuckian.)

A stranger came into hog-wallow this week, he is peddling out territory for a patent stove-eye and sold Fletcher Henstep half of the United States for three dollars.

A swarm of yellow Jackets pursued the Deputy Constable for a considerable distance yesterday and they were not driven back till he had turned and fired several shots at them from behind the stump.

A blind man living near Boundling Billows has been almost persuaded to join the Excelsior Fiddling Band. This will be a good improvement for the band but it will be an awful strain on the blind man.

Miss Fruzie Allsop will entertain a few choice friends Wednesday evening in honor of the new moon.

The arithmetic class at the Wild Onion school house has been hopelessly hung up this week on an example. The problem has to do with the age of Miss Hostetter Hocks.

Luke Mathewsia is preparing to apply for a pension on account of his having been badly frightened during the civil war.

Prof. Sap Spradlin has donned a new shirt, a better pair of pants and some new shoes and on this account he is inspecting the school house.

Jefferson Potlocks is packing up and arranging to move over on to the west side of Musket Ridge, where he can sleep longer every morning on account of the sun rising later.

Sidney Hock dreamed last night that he was kicked by a mule. The horse doctor was called this morning, but could find no broken bones.

The postmaster says no more stove pipes will be sent through the postoffice as mail matter.

Miss Fruzie Allsop's new hat caused Poke Easley's mule to run away Tuesday evening. The mule ran for some distance when it reached the forks of the road and then being undecided as to which way to go stopped and turned back.

**Out Of The Ginger Jar.**

The fast man is pretty sure to fall behind.

It will probably never be known what the handsaw.

Be sure you are right, and then don't make a fuss about it.

There is many a man who isn't worth what it cost him to live.

Every dog has his day, and too many of them their night also.

The blacksmith may be an expert forger without being arrested.

Nature is a good doctor but she make her patients pay to the last cent.

What the corn heard with its own ears, the potato saw with its own eyes.

Few men know what is good for them until some wise woman has told them.

The rich are known by their dollars, but the humble onion is known by its scent.

The farmer who lost his half-bushel measure was in more than a peck of trouble.

We are none of us better than we ought to be, and many of us are a great deal worse.

Sometimes when a man is pre-

tending to be looking for a wife he is merely looking for a cook.

**Gumption On The Farm.**

Scarcely any farmers in Congress—we don't like it.

There are few things in life more despicable than the man who blames it on his wife.

Most horses can hear well, and yet you would think from the sound of some men's voices when at work that the animals were deaf than posts.

Don't forget to save out corn for seed while you are husking it, just because an ear of corn is larger, does not necessarily mean that it is the best for seed.

See that the rows are straight from tip to but, and that the kernels are all well formed and plump.

Many a good man is in such haste to let the world know where he stands on the tariff, reciprocity and the direct election of Senators, that his patient wife cannot find out where he stands on the important domestic questions of water in the house and a new carpet for the parlor. Save the county, brethren; that's right; but don't forget to save the wife, for after all what is the country to you when you have lost a good companion.

**How to Clean Lace.**

Here is a practical recipe for cleaning lace. The piece to be cleaned should be stretched out on to a linen cloth, and held in position by fine needles. A sponge dipped in warm, soapy water should be applied, and rubbed gently over the lace. The rinsing is done by the sponge, which when freed from soap, is frequently dipped in clear water. The lace thus washed is fastened on a piece of clean linen and permitted to dry. When nearly dry,

but slightly damp, it is laid beneath a fine linen cloth and softly and swiftly rubbed with a sea shell or a perfectly smooth, round flint stone. This rubbing brings up the pattern. It must never be ironed, or it quickly becomes discolored.

**Womanly Wisdom.**

Get the stoves in order for the first cold snap, when you really feel the cold more than in Winter.

Be sure to keep a pair of old scissors in the kitchen to cut raisins, lettuce, celery, etc.

To remove potato, onion and other vegetable stains from the hands, rub with ripe tomatoes.

Skim the fat off the chicken broth and use it to shorten biscuits. They are better than when you use lard.

A bank lately received the following note from a lady: "Please stop payment on the check I wrote out to-day, as I accidentally burned it up."

Save all your coffee grounds rinse them and use them to stuff pincushions. They will hold shape indefinitely, and the pins push in easily.

By inspecting the canned fruit occasionally, the housewife will be able to save any thing that has begun to spoil, by carefully removing and cooking the rest over, recanning it as in the start.

**Seed Wheat.**

I have 100 bushels of seed wheat, "New Columbia," re-cleaned, for sale at \$1.00 per bushel. C. S. Harris.

**Scraps.**

Berlin has a restaurant in which 10,000 people can dine at one time.

Threadneedle street in London is a corruption for the three Needles, which used to be the sign of the Needlemarker Company.

For the first week of October the death rate of New York City was the lowest ever recorded in its history. The rate was 12.60 per 1,000.

Queensland and new South Wales in Australia are giving much attention to Government irrigation, and chiefly by means of artesian wells.

Bulgaria is far and away the world's rose garden. The bulk of the costly perfume of roses is supplied to American from this source.

The blood heat of a man is 98.4 Fahrenheit, while that of birds is 107 degrees. This provision is to meet the severe cold of high altitude.

Since January 1905, the price of beef, pork, veal and bacon in Switzerland has advanced 25 per cent. Good beef for example, costs 40 cent's a pound.

There are several kind of fish that never sleep more than a few minutes a month. It is positively known that pike's almon and goldfish never sleep at all during the whole of their existence.

When the keel of the largest of the American battleship, the New York, was laid the other day in the New York navy yard, the first bolt was put in by the young grandson of the late Rear Admiral Sampson.

The telegraphic day rate throughout the English empire is a cent a word. They have lately borrowed from this county the new night letter telegram and made the rate for it one-twentieth of a cent a word.

The enamel which so beautifully covers Japanese trays and boxes, and on which the painted bird and flowers show so brilliantly is obtained from the sap of the tree in Japan. It often attains a height of thirty or forty feet.

Indicating the enormous waste of energy in all industrial methods of productive light, it is estimated that a temperature of 2,000 degrees, Fahrenheit would be necessary to produce a light equivalent to that of an ordinary firefly.

**To Clean Silver Mesh Bags.**

And woman who owns a German or sterling silver mesh bag or purse, and who has learned how one soils light dresses and gloves, will be glad to know that she can clean it in a few minutes herself at home. Just take plenty of soda (common baking soda), this is what the Jeweler use and a little water and brush, rinse well and dry and think of the economy—It looks as good as new.

The Republicans have nominated Mr. John G. Stoll the big distiller, for representative from the city of Lexington in the next legislature. It is said that this was done with the full knowledge and consent of Judge O'Rear and Senator Bradley.

**For Sale.**

One saw mill with new carriage. One 50 in. saw and one 36 in. 48-4t Ballard & Miller.

**TAKING THE CURE.**

Graphic Pen Picture of Carlsbad and Its Dyspeptics.

**MUD BATHS AND VILE WATER**

The Victims Drink Often and Drink Deep and Absorb With the Evil Brew Large Doses of Misery—An Unpleasant and Costly Road to Health.

A city shaped like a cup, a cup containing hot water. The sides of the city are clothed with pines, and in the hollow lie the waters where the dyspeptics of the world foregather to drink and to be healed. They desire to be freed from excess of fat, from yellow skins, from pains that catch one in the snail of the back and from the stiff joints that follow hard upon the pleasures of the too abundant board.

In Carlsbad you drink often and drink deep. Drinking is your main occupation. Your drinking glass is strapped over your shoulders as you wander, sipping from spring to spring as assiduously as any one bee, but you do not get honey.

Your misery begins at 6. At 6 o'clock they call you, and you are expected to be shaved and decent before you face the world of waters and of miserable sinners at 7 o'clock. If you had not been a miserable sinner, too, you would not be here, but you have done those things you ought not to have done and you have left undone those things you ought to have done, and your penalty is Carlsbad.

So you take your place at the end of a queue 300 dyspeptics long and wish you were dead. You very nearly are, for no "morning tea" sustains you; they forbid that; it is strictly against the law. You take your turn at the "Sprudel" spring uncomfortable by the cook. Everything contributes to your misery. A German close behind you is treading on your heels and breathing loudly down your neck, and a gentleman in a curious top hat is conducting an orchestra with intent to make you merry. He fails. You hate him. And every moment you draw nearer to the "Sprudel" spring. It leaps from the bowels of the earth toward the roof of the colonnade surrounded in its own steam, and a girl in waterproof overalls catches you a glassful by means of a long pole.

Then you retire to a corner with the evil brew and try to drink it. It tastes of dead rats—hot ones, long dead. Your character may be divided by your method of dealing with it. It may be faced as one faces a pet beverage, "with an air," or it may be dallied with in sips—or thrown away. It may bear you altogether, but this is rare. The hardened dyspeptic who does his yearly "cure" has a trick with a little glass pipe. He is imitated by the wise. After the first fell glass you hurry to the little glass pipe stall and buy a little glass pipe for your very own, and half an hour later you brace yourself together for the second dose. If you have sinned deeply you may be ordered even three, but probably you will be let off with two goes of "Sprudel" and one of something lighter.

An hour afterward you may have an inadequate meal of sour milk, one egg and a brownie roll that would baffle a dentist. During the morning you will be required to undergo a bath, possibly of mud, reeking with curative properties and very expensive—as expensive as the lunch you would like to have afterward if they would let you. Even as it stands your mockery of a meal, fruit, rice and a bit of a boiled bird climbs up to a total hither-to unassociated with such elementary insufficiencies. At 4 o'clock you drink more water. At 10 the long day closes with a final gulp, and the dinner intervening is beneath the dignity of words—of any words.

Sixty thousand of the sorrowful subject themselves to these penalties yearly every summer.

But in spite of the 60,000 you will probably be a lonely soul in Carlsbad. Its dietetic system does not make for sociability or mirth. But as the days go by the pink hues of health begin to return to your cheek, your color ceases to be drab and your temper becomes less vile. You find you can tolerate your fellow man with some degree of courtesy even when he breathes down your neck and clears his throat in the region of your ear. There is less of Hamlet about you and more of Puck, for your days are ordered now more in conformity with nature's plan and your reward is an equilibrium that is foreign to the life of broken laws in the place from whence you came. For two or three weeks this quickening process will develop and continue until in the exuberance of health you return to your land.

When you are not here Carlsbad puts its shutters up and goes away to cure itself of the tedium of having cured you, and by the time it has finished with you its coffers are quite comfortably stocked against a holiday, for you were not a "cureguest" for nothing. Still you were cured, and a cure is always cheap. But on the whole perhaps it would have been cheaper if you had kept the law.—London Mail.

**Interesting Spots.**

"I suppose," says the lady next door, "that you saw many really wonderful places while you were abroad." "Yes, indeed," replies the returned traveler. "I think the most shivery of them all, however, was the cat corners in Rome. I have the nightmare about it yet."—Judge.

No whip cuts so deeply as the lash of conscience.—Proverb.